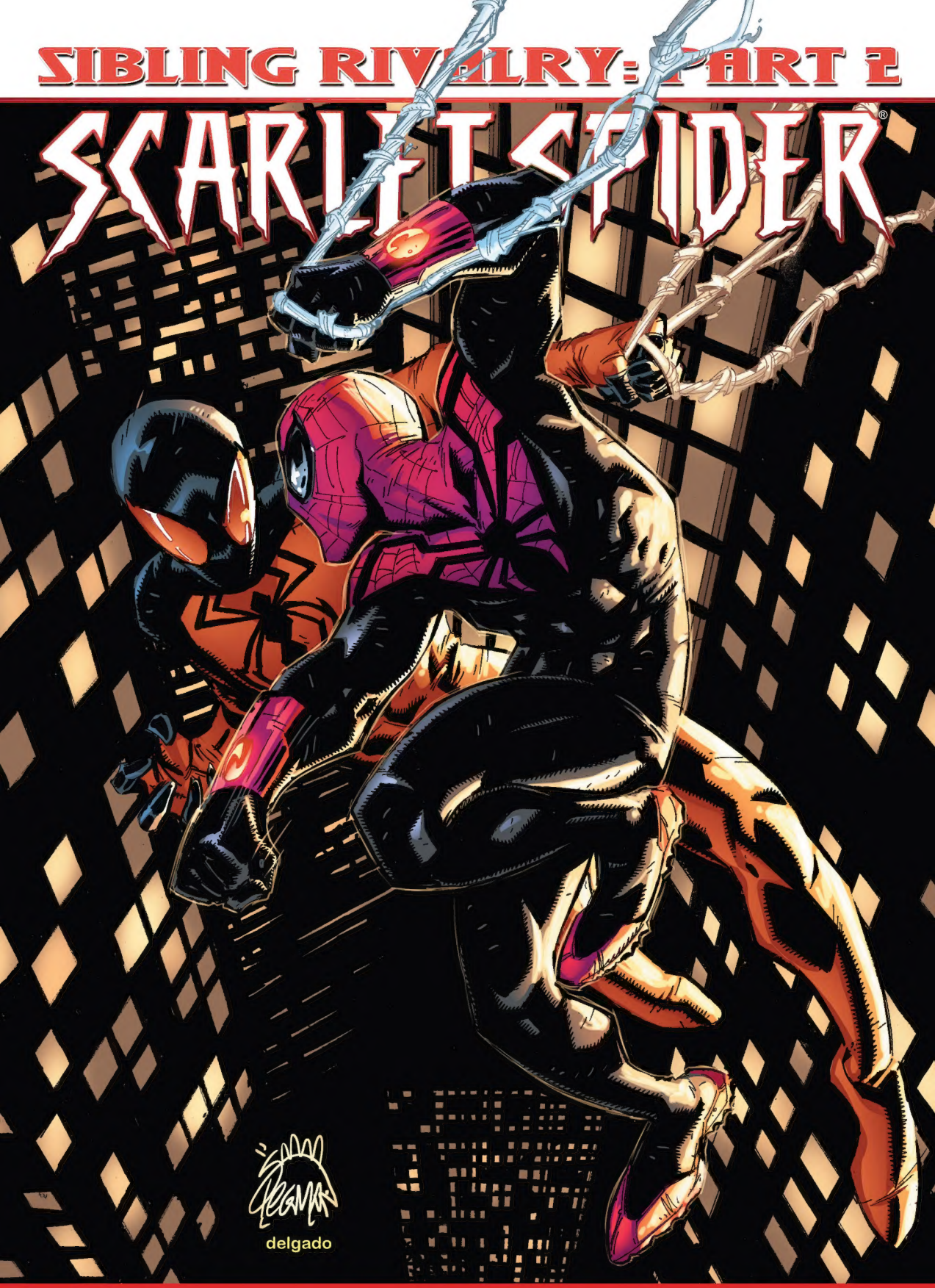
SIBLING RIVALRY: PART 2

SCARLET SPIDER®



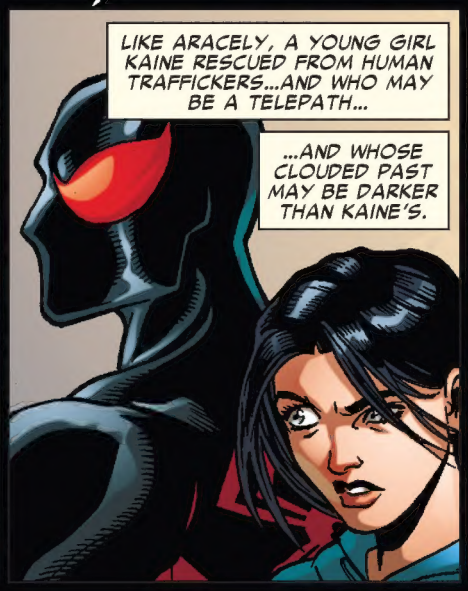
MARVEL

YOST
BURNHAM
LEE

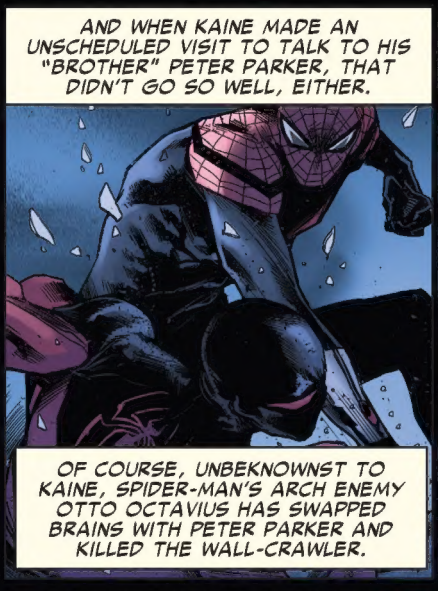
020

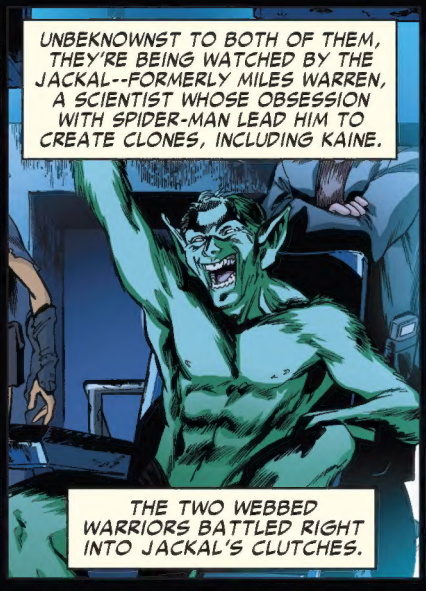
Kaine was a lab experiment gone wrong, a genetic clone of Peter Parker, the Amazing Spider-Man. Dying from the day he was created, Kaine lived a life of violence and villainy until Spider-Man cured him, giving him a second chance at life. Kaine now tries to live up to his legacy as the…

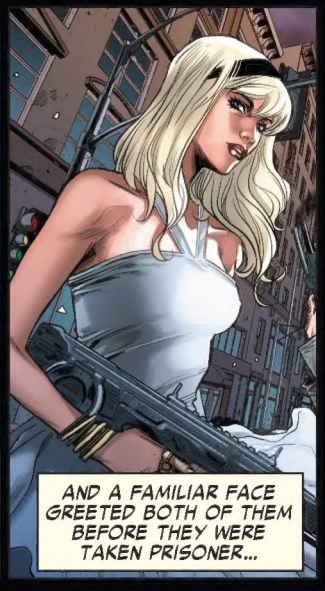
SCARLET SPIDER


LIKE ARACELY, A YOUNG GIRL KAINE RESCUED FROM HUMAN TRAFFICKERS...AND WHO MAY BE A TELEPATH...
...AND WHOSE CLOUDED PAST MAY BE DARKER THAN KAINE'S.

RECENTLY, KAINE AND ARACELY TRAVELED TO NEW YORK TO HELP WOLVERINE AND THE X-MEN CONFRONT THE ASSASSINS GUILD. THEY DIDN'T MAKE FRIENDS.


AND WHEN KAINE MADE AN UNSCHEDULED VISIT TO TALK TO HIS "BROTHER" PETER PARKER, THAT DIDN'T GO SO WELL, EITHER.
OF COURSE, UNBEKNOWNST TO KAINE, SPIDER-MAN'S ARCH ENEMY OTTO OCTAVIUS HAS SWAPPED BRAINS WITH PETER PARKER AND KILLED THE WALL-CRAWLER.


UNBEKNOWNST TO BOTH OF THEM, THEY'RE BEING WATCHED BY THE JACKAL--FORMERLY MILES WARREN, A SCIENTIST WHOSE OBSESSION WITH SPIDER-MAN LEAD HIM TO CREATE CLONES, INCLUDING KAINE.
THE TWO WEBBED WARRIORS BATTLED RIGHT INTO JACKAL'S CLUTCHES.



WAIT! MAKE SURE TO PICK UP SUPERIOR SPIDER-MAN TEAM-UP #2 FOR PART ONE OF THIS STORY!

SIBLING RIVALRY Part 2

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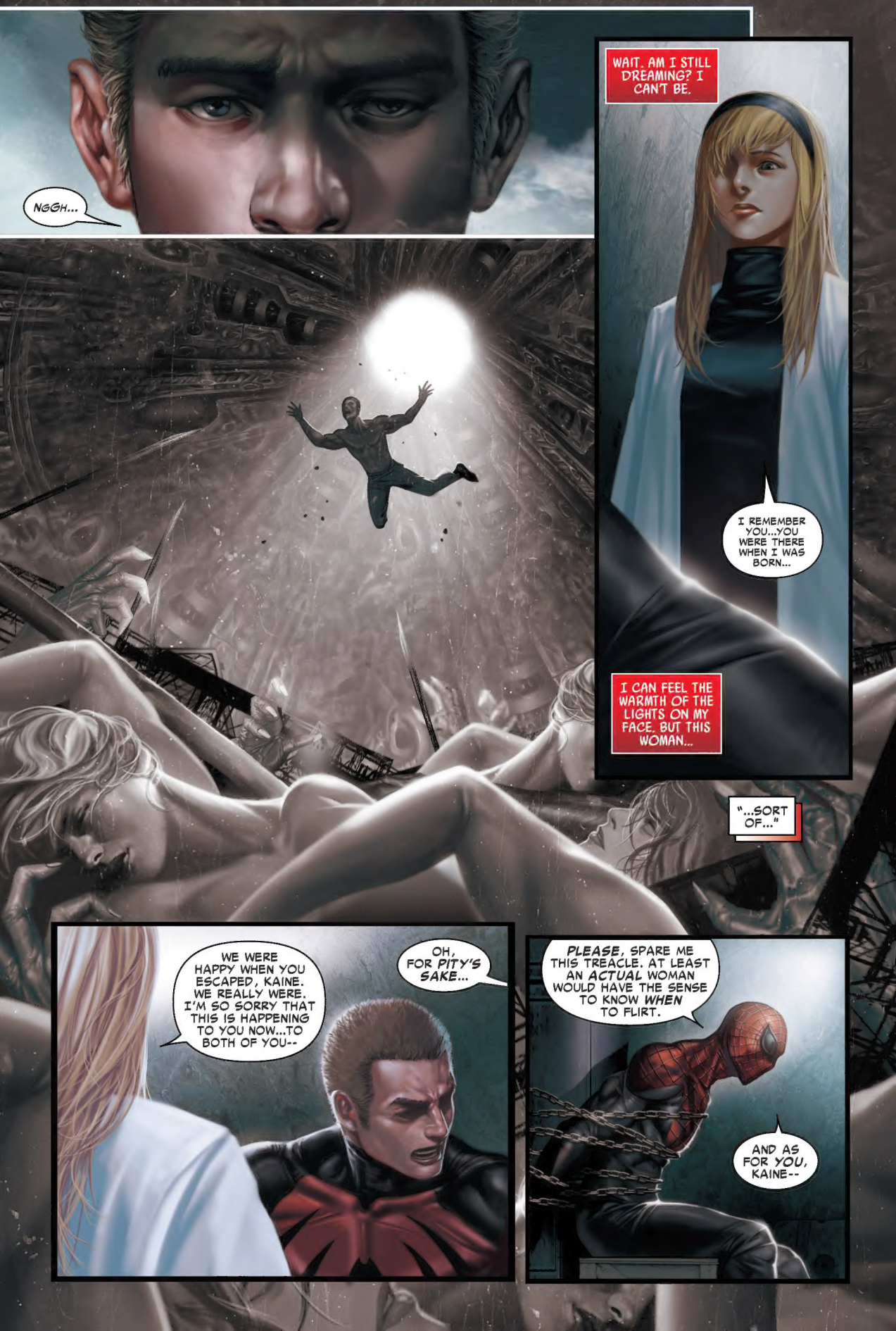
MY NAME IS KAINE.
WAKE UP.
WAKE UP, YOU INCOMPETENT FACSIMILE.
AND I PRAY TO GOD THIS IS A NIGHTMARE.
WAKE UP.
THE GIRL... I KNOW HER. HOW...
KAINE, WAKE UP.
HOW DO I--
WAKE UP!


NGGH...
WAIT. AM I STILL DREAMING? I CAN'T BE.
I REMEMBER YOU...YOU WERE THERE WHEN I WAS BORN...
I CAN FEEL THE WARMTH OF THE LIGHTS ON MY FACE. BUT THIS WOMAN...
"...SORT OF..."
WE WERE HAPPY WHEN YOU ESCAPED, KAINE. WE REALLY WERE. I'M SO SORRY THAT THIS IS HAPPENING TO YOU NOW...TO BOTH OF YOU--
OH, FOR *PITY'S SAKE*...
PLEASE, SPARE ME THIS TREACLE. AT LEAST AN ***ACTUAL*** WOMAN WOULD HAVE THE SENSE TO KNOW ***WHEN*** TO FLIRT.
AND AS FOR ***YOU***, KAINE--

--I SUGGEST YOU STOP MEWLING ABOUT THE DAY YOU SLID OUT OF A TUBE AND PAY SOME MIND TO THE DAY YOU'RE GOING TO DIE...
...WHICH COULD WELL BE TODAY.
BOYS, BOYS...
DON'T ARGUE...IT MAKES DADDY CROSS.
EXCEPT WHEN IT DOESN'T.

OH, BUT I GUESS I CAN FORGIVE YOU. AFTER ALL, YOU'VE BOTH HAD SUCH A LONG DAY.
AND YOU CAN STOP STRAINING AGAINST THOSE SHACKLES, BY THE WAY. I KNOW YOU DOWN TO THE ATOM, PETER, AND THESE ARE CALIBRATED FAR BEYOND YOUR STRENGTH LEVEL. YOU CAN'T ESCAPE. NEITHER OF YOU CAN.
AND WHY WOULD YOU EVEN WANT TO? WE'RE ALL FAMILY HERE, AREN'T WE?
NO. WE'RE NOT. WHEN I GET FREE, I PROMISE, I AM GOING TO KILL YOU.
HAHAHA!
OH, KAINE...AND HERE I THOUGHT PETER'S SENSE OF HUMOR HAD BEEN BRED OUT OF YOU!
WHAT'S YOUR ENDGAME, JACKAL?
MY "ENDGAME," PETER? WHATEVER COULD YOU MEAN BY THAT?
DON'T INSULT ME. YOU'VE NEVER BEEN MORE THAN A MINOR ANNOYANCE, BUT ALL THIS...THIS LAIR, THESE NEW CREATIONS OF YOURS... IT FEELS BIGGER THAN YOUR USUAL OBSESSIONS.
WHAT IS IT THAT YOU WANT?
WHAT DO I WANT?
I WANT YOUR SOUL, PETER. I WANT EVERY CHROMOSOME OF IT. I WANT TO PUT A LITTLE PIECE OF YOU INTO EACH AND EVERY THING THAT I ALLOW TO LIVE. THAT IS WHAT I WANT.
YOU PLAN TO HARVEST MY DNA...?

NO! UNACCEPTABLE! MY DNA IS MINE AND MINE ALONE! I WILL NOT BE COPIED!
OH, DON'T BE SO DRAMATIC, PETER, YOU KNOW MODIFICATIONS WILL BE MADE. PERHAPS I'LL DO A RUN OF YOU WITH THE EXTRA ARMS.
OR MAYBE I WON'T, IF YOU FEEL THAT STRONGLY ABOUT IT. BUT YOUR DNA IS STILL THE KEY, PETER.
IT ALWAYS HAS BEEN...AND I NEED A FRESH SAMPLE FROM THE SOURCE TO MAKE SURE MY NEXT BATCH GOES THE RIGHT WAY.
AFTER ALL, WE ALL KNOW WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A CLONE GOES WRONG, DON'T WE, KAINE?
THEY DISAPPOINT YOU. AND DISAPPOINTMENTS AREN'T GOOD FOR ANYTHING BUT THE TRASH HEAP.
WE CAN'T ALL BE BEN REILLY, EH? HE REALLY WAS A PERFECT SPECIMEN.
HNNH...
BUT THAT'S SCIENCE. CHASING PERFECTION. IF YOU HAD PETER'S BRAIN IN YOUR HEAD, KAINE, YOU KNOW YOU'D AGREE WITH ME. PERFECTION IS THE REAL GOAL, IN ALL THINGS.
FOR EXAMPLE, TAKE MUTANT-POWERED SPIDER-CLONES. WITH THEM AROUND, WHO NEEDS REGULAR PEOPLE? SEND IN THE CLONES! LET THEM INHERIT THE EARTH! WELL, THE GOOD ONES. OH, IMAGINE REALITY TV THEN!
YOU'RE NOT A SCIENTIST. YOU'RE A MADMAN.

MORE, YOU'RE PATHETIC. THROUGH WHAT I CAN ONLY ASSUME WAS EXTRAORDINARY FORTUNE, YOU'VE MANAGED TO INCAPACITATE ME...AND YET, INSTEAD OF USING THIS TIME TO FURTHER YOUR PLANS, YOU WASTE IT PRATTLING ON ABOUT NONSENSE!
AND THAT IS WHY YOU WILL FAIL. AS SOON AS YOU TRY TO--
"AS SOON AS I TRY--"? PETER. REALLY. I'M NOT A BOND VILLAIN. I'VE DONE IT ALREADY.
YOU WHAT?!
TWENTY-SEVEN VIALS OF BLOOD. A LITTLE BONE MARROW. SOME SALIVA. HAIR AND NAIL CLIPPINGS...
OH, AND A FEW...OTHER SAMPLES IN CASE I DECIDE TO TRY SOMETHING MORE OLD-FASHIONED ONE DAY. YOU KNOW, FOR FUN.
HRK!
WHAT? I-- YOU--!
WILL YOU KNOCK IT OFF ALREADY, KAINE?! THOSE CHAINS WERE CREATED SPECIFICALLY TO HOLD--
YEAAAAARRGH!
GREEAAAAUNCH
WHOOPS...
JACKAL... I MAY NOT DESERVE TO LIVE...

...BUT GOD KNOWS YOU DESERVE TO DIE.
SEE? NOW THAT'S JUST NOT VERY CREATIVE AT ALL, KAINE. HOW MANY WAYS CAN YOU FIND TO DISAPPOINT ME?
DON'T WORRY, YOU WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED FOR MUCH LONGER...
SHAK
NGH!
WELL LOOK AT THAT, KAINE-- YOU'RE STILL ALIVE! YOU ARE ABSOLUTELY FULL OF SURPRISES TODAY.
I THINK I MAY HAVE JUST MADE UP MY MIND TO DISSECT YOU BEFORE I DUMP YOU BACK IN THE PILE!
...@#$%
DO YOU HEAR THAT, BOYS? LEAVE DADDY ENOUGH TO CUT INTO!
HH.

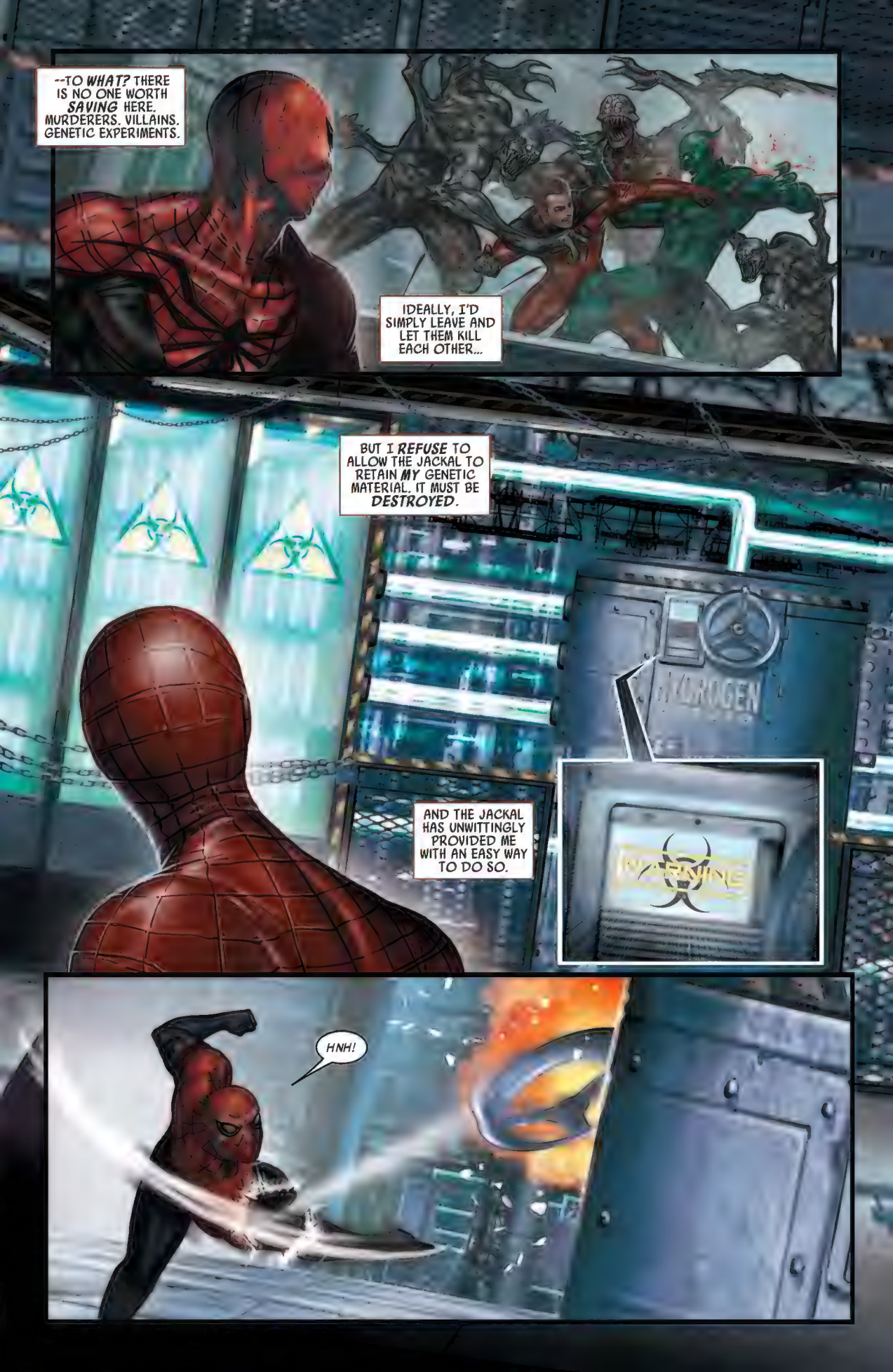
THWAM
THE TELEPORTER APPEARS BEHIND ME.
...AND THE JACKAL SAYS I'M NOT CREATIVE.
SHZAK
STILL, THEY DON'T NEED TO BE CLEVER. THEY JUST NEED TO KEEP COMING...
...AND EVENTUALLY...
...THEY'LL GET LUCKY.
RRG!
WHAM
SHCLICK
I'M GOING TO NEED HELP.
SHAZZAAK

FWOOM
FREE!
I'LL SEE TO YOU IN A MOMENT, JACKAL, BUT FIRST...
THWIP! THWIP!
I'M PUTTING DOWN YOUR LITTLE PETS.
YANK
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, CARRION? KILL SOMEONE!
KAINE...
...LET ME IN.
WHAT-- KAFFKAFFF--
CARRION

I CAN FEEL HIM TRYING TO GET INSIDE MY HEAD...WHICH IS BAD NEWS FOR HIM.
RRRR--
...BECAUSE I'VE ALREADY GOT A MONSTER IN THERE, AND IT DOESN'T TAKE KINDLY TO BEING ATTACKED.
PREY!
?
WHAM
GET READY TO LIVE UP TO YOUR NAME--
ZZZARK
THWUD
UNH!

AND NOW, FOR YOU...
NO...YOU WOULDN'T
YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT I'D DO.
SHZZAKSH
ZZAKSHZZAK
NO--!
TSK. DID YOU TRULY EXPECT TO FELL ME WITH SUCH A PEDESTRIAN EFFORT?
I--I--
STOP!
EH?!
SHE DOESN'T DESERVE THAT. IT ISN'T HER FAULT. SHE'S A--
--AN ABOMINATION. A WORTHLESS MOCKERY OF HUMANITY.
JUST LIKE ALL CLONES.

MAYBE HE'S RIGHT. MAYBE CLONES ARE ABOMINATIONS.
GUESS I'LL MAKE SURE THE JACKAL CAN'T MAKE ANY MORE.
I AM PETER PARKER, THE SUPERIOR SPIDER-MAN. AND THIS...
...THIS IS A MESS. I CANNOT EVEN EXPRESS HOW MUCH I HATE CLONES.
SMOKESTACK...HM. PARKER HAD A MEMORY OF A SMOKESTACK THAT CAUSED HIM SOME CONSIDERABLE ANGST. NOW WHAT WAS IT AGAIN?
IT DOESN'T MATTER. IT'S A USEFUL POINT OF EXIT, NOTHING MORE.
RRAAAAR--
RAAAARH!
CURSES. THE JACKAL'S MINIONS ARE STARTING TO REGROUP. TIME IS SHORT IF I WANT TO--


--TO WHAT? THERE IS NO ONE WORTH SAVING HERE. MURDERERS. VILLAINS. GENETIC EXPERIMENTS.
IDEALLY, I'D SIMPLY LEAVE AND LET THEM KILL EACH OTHER...
BUT I REFUSE TO ALLOW THE JACKAL TO RETAIN MY GENETIC MATERIAL. IT MUST BE DESTROYED.
AND THE JACKAL HAS UNWITTINGLY PROVIDED ME WITH AN EASY WAY TO DO SO.
HNH!

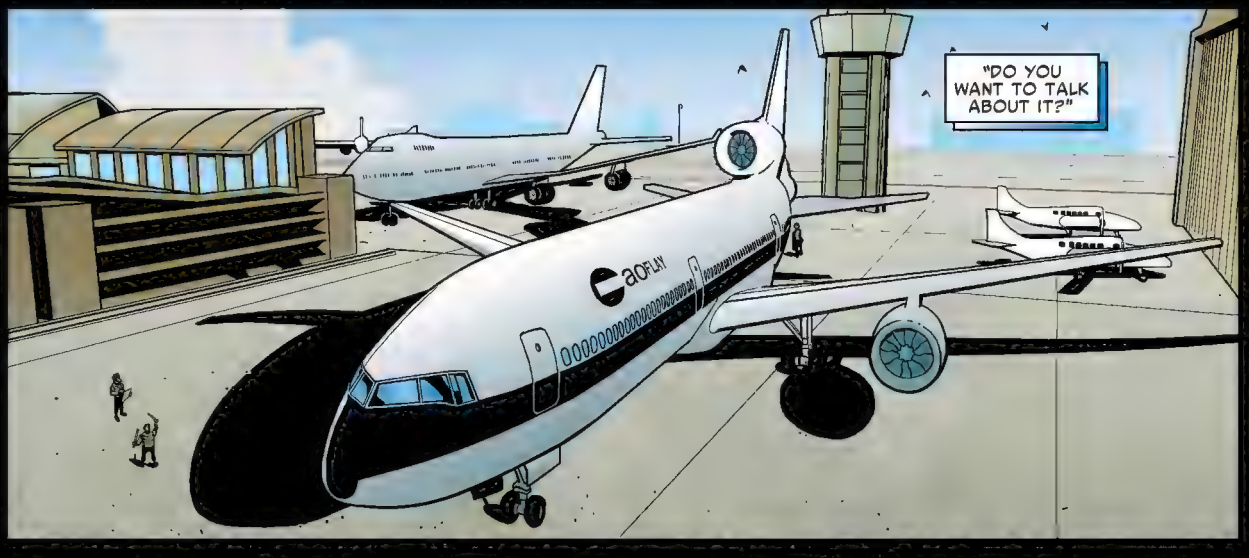
KRA-TOOOM
THE EXPLOSION CAUGHT ME OFF-GUARD. NOT WHAT I WAS EXPECTING FROM PETER, BUT HE MUST HAVE SOME PLAN.
MINE'S STILL THE SAME.
SHLUK
WHAT? NO!
MY DNA! MY BABIES!
I HAVE TO SAVE THEM--!
JACKAL--
HELL WITH IT. IF HE WANTS TO DIE BY FIRE INSTEAD, LET HIM COOK. EITHER WAY--

I'VE GOT NO PLANS TO DIE HERE TODAY
WHAT
HEY! YOU HAVE TO GET OUT!
NO...
LOOK, JUST-- JUST GRAB MY HAND! I'LL GET YOU OUT OF HERE! I PROMISE!
TAKE MY HAND!
I'M SORRY...
FWAAS
NO--!

KRAKOOM
INCREDIBLE WHAT ONE SIMPLE, WELL-PLACED ACTION CAN BRING ABOUT.
ONE PIECE OF DETRITUS, CAST IN THE PROPER DIRECTION, HAS EFFICIENTLY DISPOSED OF THE DNA THE JACKAL WAS FOOLISH ENOUGH TO STEAL FROM ME, THE JACKAL HIMSELF, HIS CONTEMPTIBLE EXPERIMENTS, AND, AS A BONUS--
WHAT--?!
KAINE.

WHAT THE @#$% WAS THAT?!
I TOOK THE MOST EFFICIENT PATH. THE VILLAIN AND HIS EXPERIMENTS ARE DESTROYED, HIS EQUIPMENT IS USELESS TO THOSE WHO WOULD SALVAGE IT, AND BEST OF ALL--
--WE WON'T HAVE TO DEAL WITH ANY MORE LUDICROUS CLO--
THWAK
YOU COULD HAVE KILLED ME!
A CALCULATED RISK.
I KNOW WHAT I DID TO YOU, BUT WHAT THE HELL IS THE MATTER WITH YOU?
THE MATTER WITH ME? YOU THINK THAT PRETENDING TO BE A HERO CHANGES ANYTHING BETWEEN US? AFTER WHAT YOU DID?!
I'M NO HERO. I KNOW WHAT I AM NOW...BUT YOU...YOU ARE A HERO.
ACT LIKE IT.
THIS ISN'T OVER!

Epilogue.



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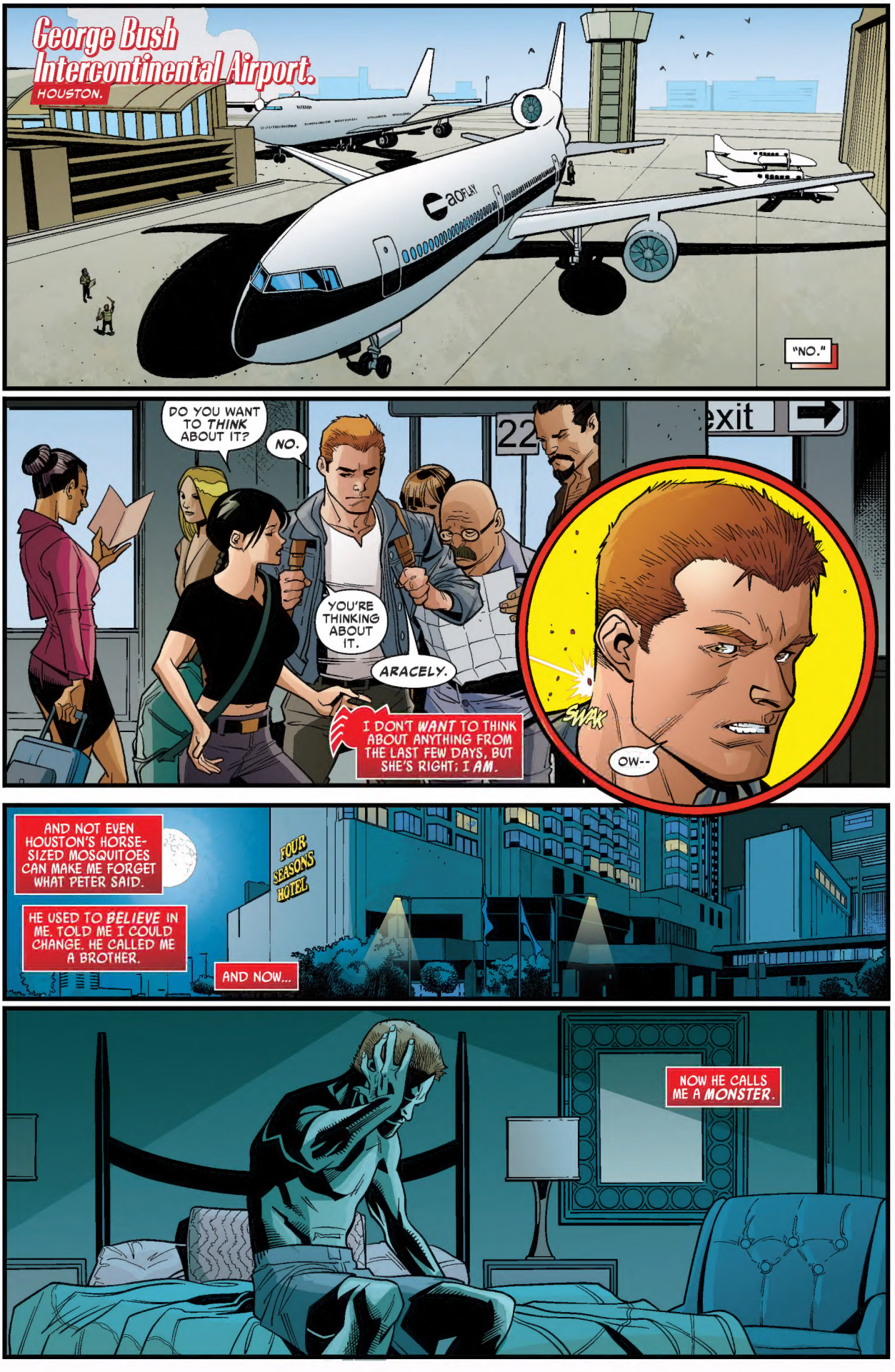
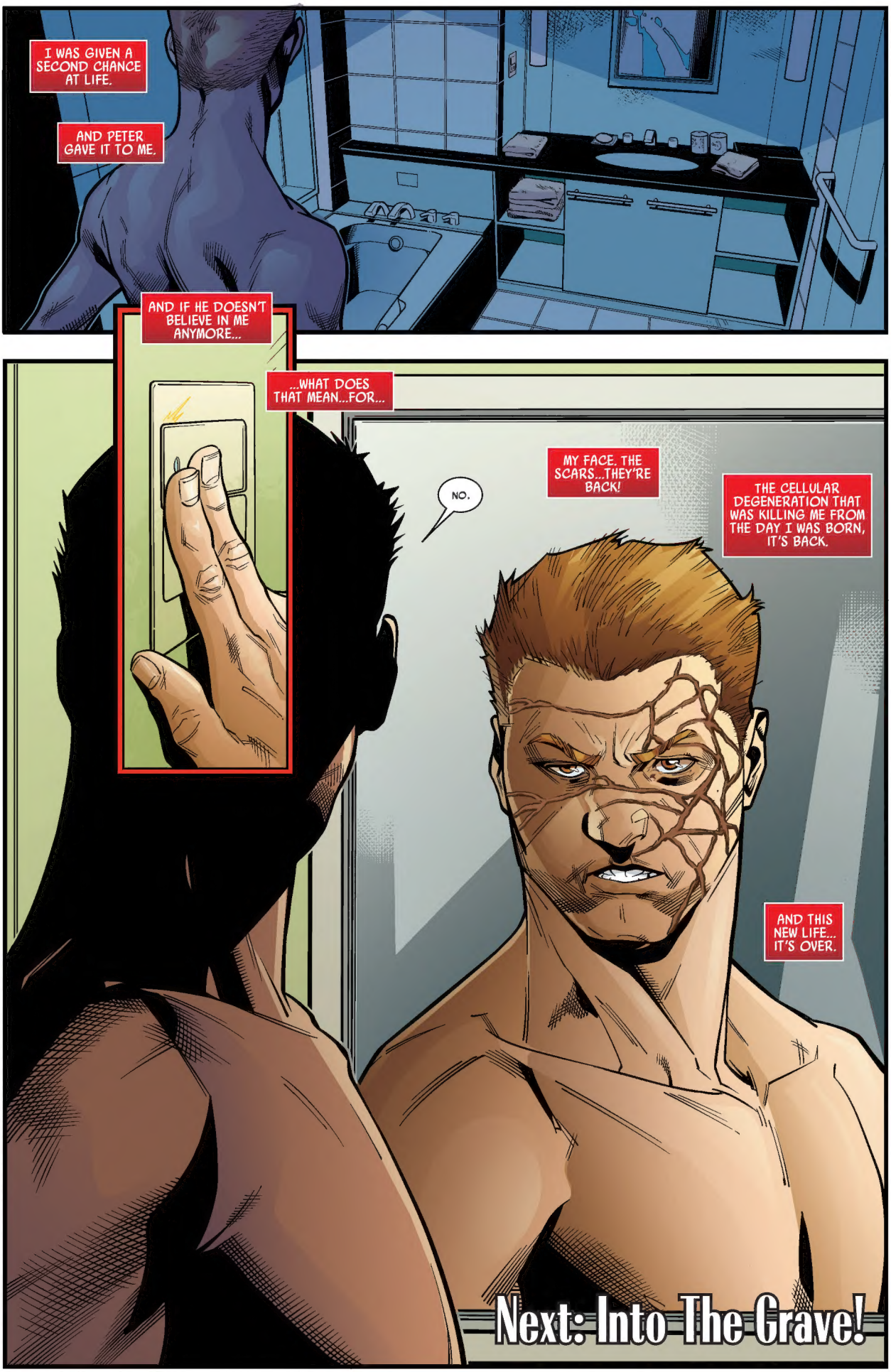

George Bush Intercontinental Airport.
HOUSTON.
"NO."
DO YOU WANT TO THINK ABOUT IT?
NO.
YOU'RE THINKING ABOUT IT.
ARACELY.
I DON'T WANT TO THINK ABOUT ANYTHING FROM THE LAST FEW DAYS, BUT SHE'S RIGHT; I AM.
SMAK
OW--
AND NOT EVEN HOUSTON'S HORSE-SIZED MOSQUITOES CAN MAKE ME FORGET WHAT PETER SAID.
HE USED TO BELIEVE IN ME. TOLD ME I COULD CHANGE. HE CALLED ME A BROTHER.
AND NOW...
FOUR SEASONS HOTEL
NOW HE CALLS ME A MONSTER.


I WAS GIVEN A SECOND CHANCE AT LIFE.
AND PETER GAVE IT TO ME.
AND IF HE DOESN'T BELIEVE IN ME ANYMORE...
...WHAT DOES THAT MEAN...FOR...
NO.
MY FACE. THE SCARS...THEY'RE BACK!
THE CELLULAR DEGENERATION THAT WAS KILLING ME FROM THE DAY I WAS BORN, IT'S BACK.
AND THIS NEW LIFE... IT'S OVER.
Next: Into The Grave!

Epilogue II.
NOTHING IS LEFT. OUR PLANS HAVE FAILED.
WELL WE'LL CERTAINLY NEED A NEW AND LESS-CRISPY MILES, BUT I DON'T KNOW IF I'D GO SO FAR AS TO SAY WE "FAILED."
SURE, NONE OF THE FRESH SAMPLES I TOOK FROM PETER SURVIVED THE FIRE HE SET, BUT ALL THE MUTANT SAMPLES FROM SINISTER'S LABS WERE OFF-SITE, SO THEY'RE INTACT.
PLUS, I DID MANAGE TO SALVAGE THIS.
KAINE
I KNOW I ALWAYS SAID IT WAS A BAD IDEA TO MAKE A CLONE OF A CLONE, BUT WHAT THE HELL, RIGHT? WHO'S READY FOR SPIDERCIDE 2.0?

SCARLET LETTERS

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Greetings, Sentinels of the Scarlet!

Tom Brennan here and it has been a crazy few months here at Marvel. Last month we didn't even have time for a column, but we're dropping one in now to say some quick words of welcome and thanks:

ITEM! Welcome Erik Burnham to the Scarlet Spider team! While he is helping out with Chris Yost's busy schedule, we also wanted to make sure that we had a co-writer who had the right sense of humor and action, and Erik's amazing work over at IDW on books like Ghostbusters has proven he's the right guy for the job. We're happy to have him on board.

ITEM! Thanks to K-Studio's In-Hyuk Lee and Jongmin Shin for their incredible job on this issue, picking up exactly where the folks over at Superior Team-Up left off. In-Hyuk's been doing some incredible cover work over in the Avengers world – we're thrilled for him to make his Marvel mark on the interiors of this comic.

ITEM! Thanks to Pat Olliffe, a man who's told more than his fair share of untold Spidey tales, for hopping in to help out on this issue with our dream sequence, an untold tale of its own!

ITEM! Thanks to Nova's Paco Medina for also hopping in to draw our epilogue. Paco's a guy who's made quite the difference in the Spidey-verse (you can see some of that work in Superior Spider-Man Team-Up TPB, on sale now!)

And lastly, a great deal of thanks to Carlo Barberi, Ale Garza, Horacio Domingues, Bit, Terry Pallot, Rex Lokus, Antonio Fabela, Chris Sotomayor, and, perhaps most importantly, Joe Caramagna, for helping us through a busy couple of months. We've got one of the best teams in comics on this book, and these guys came through for us in a big way.

We got a great note from one of our biggest fans and I wanted to run it here – an old fan who returned to the Marvel fold:

It has been a couple decades since I last read a comic, and I wanted a compelling hero to get back in with. Scarlet Spider was the perfect choice, the books are excellent. The story telling and the artwork keep you hanging on every frame. A character like Kaine does not have all the baggage that Peter Parker has, and you have used that creative flexibility to its fullest. And finally a comic that doesn't take place in New York. Thank you for these books, and thank you for helping me rediscover a long lost joy of mine.

-Billy Wilson

Thanks, Billy!

That's all for this time around – we'll see you back here in two weeks (TWO WEEKS?!) for the return of Ben Reilly and the dawn of INTO THE GRAVE!

--Temerarious Tom

P.S.: Flip the page. C'Mon, trust me.